

Reminisce

Styles P

Yep!... (Vinny Idol: Don't push the mario man!) Don't wanna talk this much. Jus' goin' in. I'ma' show 'em proof, motherfuckers ... Ghost... (Poobs: S.P!)

My Karma's no good. Stay in some drama, lil' mama, lemme' know it's the fact that I'm so hood. I don't tussle with somethin', I'm hustlin' somethin'. I don't care about your man dawg, fuck 'em he frontin'

Motherfucker better tuck in his chain... or I'm robbing one... Have me in jail? I'mma' buss' on the chain

Like all my niggas suffer from pain, start cuttin' the 'caine, feels good to switch your guts into BRAINS. YEAH!

Get the picture, lil' nigga? I smoke haze, drink a lil' liquor, still move a lil' quicker

Put a kit on whatever I cop. Put bricks on EVERY block; let off 70 shots, motherfuckas' gotta BEG me to stop

I'mma' boss nigga kiss my ring, drop-

top benz, fish in Manhattan, I could miss my plane

But I'm in D-BLOCK! Bloods, Crips, and Kings!

Tell your man I get horrible with it. I got a gun that always beg, watch these slugs try ta' borrow ya' fitted

And I'm five times better than all of the top five. Give em' five shots from the fifth out the drop-five

D-BLOCK bark a lot, bitch come and stop by!

Big ass bottle of 'gnac

Violate, and I betchu' swallow a hollow from outta' the gat

I don't know what I'mma' sell, but I'mma' go ham (hell) with an L

Think 'bout my niggas sittin' in jail

Fuck with P? That's like touchin' a rail

Third of course

Guns go off, then my word's enforced. Understand that I said my word

I don't be rhymin' funny, cause time is money, you know the clock and the bird

You can catch me ontop of the curb

Skys the limit, I need a flight to the top of the Earth. I'll kill every New York rapper verse for verse

And they oughta' pay me tithes like I'm parta' the church

Cause they ain't did no dirt, or put in no work

Tell ya' man I said Fuck his list (Fuck that nigga!)

If P ain't on top, he can Suck my dick!... Ya know?!